

MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1879.

VOL. XIII.--NO. 21.

New Advertisements.

M. B. D. LANE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

HAS OPENED A LAW OFFICE on the corner of Main and Jackson streets, Morristown, one square south of the Court House and one door east of G. D. McCarty's store, and will offer his services in the Courts of State and adjoining counties and the Supreme Court at Knoxville.

His object will be to give strict attention to business, and satisfaction to clients.

Charges will be reasonable.

July 19-79

O. C. KING, W. D. GAMMON,

King & Gammon,

Attorneys-at-Law

Solicitors in Chancery.

OFFICE,

Corner Main and Cumberland streets, over P. O.

EST. COLLECTIONS & SPECIALTY.

Jan 30 78-79

JOSEPH A. MABRY,

Attorney-at-Law

AND—

U. S. CLAIM AGENT,

Knoxville, - - Tennessee.

SPECIAL attention given to collections.

Feb 18-79

Dentistry.

THOS. J. SPECK, D. D. S.

OFFICES:

opposite, Tenn., from 1st to 15th of each month.

Morristown, Tenn., from 1st to 15th of each month.

TERMS Cash or its equivalent.

JOHN MURPHY, President.

R. E. RICE, Cashier.

LOOKOUT BANK

—OF—

Morristown - - Tenn

[STATE DEPOSITORY.]

Will transact a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Receive deposits, buy and sell, exchange gold and silver, and make collections upon the most favorable terms.

May 12-79

L. C. SHEPARD,

UNDERTAKER,

Knoxville, Tenn.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Metallic Caskets and Cases, Wood Caskets and Coffins of every grade and price, ready for use.

Orders by Telegraph will receive prompt and prompt attention. Terms satisfactory.

THOS. O'CONNOR, SAM HOUSE,

President, Cashier.

Mechanic's Bank,

Designated State Depository,

Knoxville, Tenn.,

TRANSACTS A

General Banking Business,

Deals in Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Sells Drafts on all the principal cities in Europe. Buys and sells Uncurrent Money, Gold and Silver, Warehouse and City Scrip.

May 20-79

RAMAGE & CO.,

Stationers and Job Printers

AND DEALERS IN

FANCY GOODS,

(Opposite Cowan, McCall & Co.)

KNOXVILLE, - - - TENN.

Devoted to keeping a full and complete stock of everything in the way of stationery, we do a JOB PRINTING business in all its branches, guaranteeing our work as first-class and at as low prices as good work can be done for. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

Aug 14-79

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

Morristown, Tenn

THIS HOUSE, FORMERLY

known as the City House, has changed its name, and has undergone a thorough change in every respect. We therefore respectfully ask a share of the patronage of the traveling public, and promise satisfaction to all.

RAMBO & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

apr 30 79-79

W. M. WILMETH,

MAIN STREET, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Has now on hand a complete stock of

Family Groceries

To which he has recently added a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Which he offers cheap for Cash.

He will pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce.

Provisions and Edibles of every description kept on hand at all times.

Feb 13-79

Martin Shea,

BREWER OF

ALE & PORTER

Cor. Hardee and Lenoir Sts.,

Knoxville, - - Tenn.

Orders by mail promptly filled, but must be accompanied with the cash.

May 8-79-79

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE

Subscription Price \$2.

The will of Mrs. Sarah Dorsey which bequeathed to Jeff Davis a large fortune, will be contested by the brother of the deceased.

General Joe Johnston thinks, from present appearances, that the Democratic party will win next year. Allen G. Thurman is the choice of Virginia, but Hendricks, Bayard and Tilden also have friends there.

A despatch from Colton says that General B. Bouton, of Los Angeles, while going from Colton to San Geronimo was stopped by three men, taken off the road and tied to the wheels of his wagon. He managed to get one of his hands loose, drew his pistol and killed one of the men and wounded the other two. He was the son of General Bouton's captors.

The young man in Connecticut who kissed the girls at the station, thinking they were his sisters, has come to grief. He saw a finely dressed female at New Haven, quietly walked up to her, embraced and kissed her, when he was greeted with "Golly! what you 'bout dar?" and beheld one of Africa's darkest brunettes. He retreated amid thunders of applause.

The Jews of New York are in a ferment of excitement. Austin Corbin has forbidden them to ride on the Manhattan Beach railroad or to stop at his hotel, a popular watering place on Coney Island. Of course he cannot prevent their doing so, as the civil rights bill does not allow him to make race distinctions. The Jews talk of paying the fare of a few thousand negroes if they will visit the place and stop with Mr. Corbin. As Corbin is related to Grant, and a red-hot Republican, of course he will welcome the colored brethren.

A Washington dispatch says that the first intimation the Administration had of Mr. Welsh's resignation was the publication of the fact in the papers. During yesterday, however, Secretary Evans received a dispatch stating that the resignation had been forwarded by mail. When Mr. Welsh accepted the position, he did so at considerable sacrifice of business interests, and he has lately suffered bereavements which have made his sojourn abroad peculiarly trying, and his resignation was not unexpected. The Administration now has two first-class missions at its disposal—that to Russia and that to Great Britain. The latter will, no doubt, be assigned to Mr. Welsh, and it is probable that General Hartranft will be pushed forward for the vacancy.

Prof. H. Presnell, in the Jonesboro' Herald and Tribune, pays the following complimentary notice of our County Superintendent, H. M. Sherwood, in the last issue of that paper: "The teachers of Hamblen county owe Superintendent H. M. Sherwood a debt of gratitude. The Normal School at Morristown, which closed last February, was a very successful affair. Superintendent Sherwood took the matter in hand, and worked it up. The teachers who attended the school made commendable progress. We have great hope for the success of the free schools in Hamblen county. Her teachers are thoroughly acquainted with the course of study, and are looking ahead and preparing for better work in the public schools. We commend the course of Superintendent Sherwood to other County Superintendents. Teachers everywhere are anxious to make improvement in the art of teaching school. Let the County Superintendents lead the way. Better teaching is in great demand."

Freeman, the Pocomet Adventist who killed his little daughter, has been visited in jail at Barnstable. He refuses to take any legal advice for his approaching trial. Should the State furnish him counsel, he says he would not have any points of the tragedy smoothed down in order to make a good defense. Should his counsel be furnished and attempt such a policy, contrary to Freeman's idea of the exact facts, Freeman says he will interrupt him on the spot and have the statement made right. Mrs. Freeman continues in a lamentable condition. A few days after her arrest she seemed to feel the enormity of the deed and to feel the force of her bereavement; but latterly she has fallen under the old delusion. She now thinks her husband did perfectly right and defends his entire course. Both of them are perfectly contented in their confinement, and talk rationally upon every subject except the one theme which has given such a dark hue to their lives.

WILL OF MRS. S. A. DORSEY.

BEAUVOIR, HARRISON CO., MISS.,

January 4, 1878.

I, Sarah Anne Dorsey, of Tennessee Parish, La., being aware of the uncertainty of life, and being now in sound health in mind and body, do make this, my last will and testament, which I write, sign and seal with my own hand in the presence of three competent witnesses, as I possess property in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. I owe no obligation of any sort to any relative of my own. I have done all I could for them during my life. I therefore bequeath all my property, real, personal and mixed, wherever located and situated, wholly and entirely, without hindrance or qualification, to my most honored and esteemed friend, Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States, for his own sole use and benefit, in fee simple forever, and I hereby constitute him my sole heir, executor and administrator. If Jefferson Davis should not survive me, I give all I have bequeathed him to his youngest daughter, Yvonne. I do not intend to share in the ingratitude of my country to a man who is, in my eyes, the highest and noblest in existence.

In testimony whereof, I sign this will, written by my own hand, in the presence of W. E. Withall, T. E. Howes and John G. Craig, subscribing witnesses, resident in Harrison county, Miss. SARAH ANNE DORSEY.

The Tennessee Centennial.

To the Nashville American:

It was with feelings of exultant pride that I read in your Sunday issue of the steps being taken by the Tennessee Historical Society to celebrate formally and in an appropriate manner the centennial of the settlement of Middle Tennessee. If there is a State on this continent which is entitled to revert with pride to the achievements of her sons in all the great fields of human action and enterprise, it is the one whose natal day we propose to observe, honor and cherish on the 24th day of April, 1880. Into that hundred years of existence she has crowded as much eventful history as any among the wonderful array of States by which she is surrounded, and in the midst of which she stands as a giant among giants. A theatre of actions mighty in fact and result she is equalled by few, and in the influence she has exerted on the destiny of the great West, she is surpassed by none. For more than a century her sons have led the van of civilization west of the Alleghanies, and she can justly claim an empire, vast in extent and importance, as mainly due to the exercise of her enterprise and valor. Her place in the sisterhood of States is pre-eminent. Let her be duly honored by them all in sharing in the ovation which she is about to tender to the memory of the sacred dust of her heroic sons sleeping on every field of enterprise from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Let us glance at her claims to this distinction. Born at Wautauga in 1786, of castaway children, fleeing from the tyranny of a cruel mother, she had neither cradle nor babyhood, but passed at once into the stage of self-reliant youth, struggling like Hercules the serpents sent to destroy her. Breasting the storm of Indian fury, she gradually pushed it back, growing stronger at every step of her advance, holding on with Anglo-Saxon tenacity to every foot she had won, but paying dearly, as she has always done, in a currency of precious blood. In 1774, guided by patriotic impulses, by the display of which on so many occasions, she has won the title of the Volunteer State, she sent a body of her sons to the help of Virginia, on the great Kanawha, where, by their knightly charge on the flank at sunset, after the battle had hung all day in the balance, the victory was won and the Shawnee power broken beyond recovery.

At King's Mountain, the backwoods riflemen of the Wautauga settlements, under Sevier and Shelby, helped to win the most important and eventful battle that was ever fought on the American continent, if the judgment of Thomas Jefferson was right, when he declared that it was the "turning point of the Revolution." It was the darkest hour in American history when, on a chill October day, that little band of patriots stood at the base of the mountain waiting the signal to assault its summit. Gates had been defeated at Camden, and Greene alone of the Continental forces in the South, with a few brave spirits, upheld the standard in the desperate hope that fortune, in some mysterious way, might accomplish the deliverance of his country. At sunset, the cause of freedom had won, and King's Mountain stands to-day the loftiest to American valor in all this land of brave deeds and mighty achievements, and next to the discovery of this continent by Columbus, and the Declaration of Independence, the grandest landmark in the New World's history. This victory wrenched a mighty empire from the uses of kingly power and changed the tide of human destiny for ages to come.

Then we recite the colonization of what is now known as Middle Tennessee, by James Robertson and John Donelson, one pressing by untrodden paths deeper and deeper into the dark, mysterious and uninhabited wilderness, where the great heart-throbs of undisturbed nature alone smote on the ear; the other reaching the same destination after a five-months' voyage down the Tennessee and up the Cumberland, braving dangers of Indian attacks and perils of engulfment, only equalled in the fabled story of Scylla and Charybdis, guided and guarded by the mighty hand of destiny, which pointed to a promised land—a new empire, the projection of whose planes have long since reached to the Lakes on the north, the Gulf on the south, and is bounded on the west only by the shores of the Pacific.

Passing without comment through the eventful and trying scenes that marked each step of progress on the Cumberland we come to another epoch where Tennessee became the avenger of Fort Mims, and in a brief campaign under Andrew Jackson destroyed the power of the Muscogee nation and virtually added Alabama and Mississippi to the sisterhood of States. Then followed the dramatic story of New Orleans, and in the same connection Florida became the prize of her valor. Arkansas then became the theatre for the display of the restless energy of her sons, and to them it owed its speedy habilitation as a State.

On the heels of this followed another stage, grand in events that have been and are yet to be, and in it Tennessee valor and enterprise shone with refulgent splendor in accomplishing the independence of Texas. Her sons here set the entering wedge, which a few years later wrenched from the grasp of Mexico the fairest portion of her fabric and added to the Union some of her richest jewels, California, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico.

If these things are true, and we point to the record for the verification, Tennessee may well challenge the admiration of her sister States and invite them to share in the imposing ceremonies intended to honor the memory of the men by whose strong arms these mighty results have been achieved. The time has now come to inscribe Wautauga on the same scroll with Plymouth Rock and Jamestown as dating the birth of the grandest era in the history of our country. If any doubt it, let him study the causes and course of events in the West for the last century, and the agencies employed in their production, and he will be convinced of the truth of the assertion. Nay, more, we believe it will be hard for him to resist the conclusion that Tennessee, in leading the van in the conquest of this vast domain from the wilderness and the barbarian, has advanced the standard of national growth and progress fully an hundred years, and has stamped an influence on the destinies of this country that will reach far beyond the vision of the most exalted prophet or ken of the wisest philosopher.

It is well that her people, without a dissenting voice should render fitting honor to this occasion, and testify in a public and official manner their appreciation of its importance. It will teach them many lessons of which they stand in need, in the present and future progress of our State, and stir them to an emulation of those virtues which made our fathers great in action and wise as builders of grand political and social fabrics. The value of such lessons accruing to the youth of our State and country by the observance of this day will be simply inestimable and far beyond any sordid considerations of time and expense given to its celebration. So, we say, let our people rise as one man to a sense of the importance of this occasion and second as they should the patriotic efforts of the Tennessee Historical Society.

TENNESSEE.

Greeley on College Men.

Chicago Tribune Letter.

Mr. Greeley, as almost everybody knows hated young men fresh from college worse than he hated Democrats—which is saying a great deal. I remember one occasion when in my presence a young man, armed with a strong letter of introduction, made his appearance in the old man's office. Mr. Greeley read the note carefully, and then turned upon his visitor. "I see you want a place on my paper," he began. "What are your qualifications? How much newspaper work have you ever done?" "That is—" responded the stranger, in hesitating tones, "you see by my letter that I am a graduate of Cornell University." "That's no recommendation here. What can you do? What do you know about journalism?" By this time the young chap was desperate, and he spoke with some asperity: "I come from Litchfield, Conn., where I have done some work on the local weekly. And, by the way, I am well—I may say very well acquainted with your brother-in-law who live there—the Messrs. Cheney."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Greeley, with a sneer. "Well, then, if you want to know what I think of that, I must say you are acquainted with a couple of d-d mean men. Good morning." And, as the young chap fled, Greeley turned to me with a scowl, and added: "When I take one of those infernal college fools upon the paper without some other recommendations than their graduating papers, just let me know about it, will you?"

ENCORE.—Presault dined one day with a miserably plain, who gave him to eat a soft-boiled egg and a little vinaigrette, washed down with some Suresnes of a bad year. "We will repeat this little de bauch," said his host, folding up his napkin, "whenever you like." "All right," said Presault, glaring at his entertainer with hungry eyes, "suppose we repeat it right now!"

MR. TILDEN ON THE PRESIDENCY.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

Being Pressed to Name the Man Next Best to Himself as a Candidate, He Does So.

New York Tribune Telegram.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—A prominent Democratic politician who recently held a long conversation with Mr. Tilden on political topics, says that Mr. Tilden expresses some doubts as to whether he will be able to secure the Presidential nomination next year. It seems that Mr. Tilden fears that defections in the South, added to opposition in the West, may ruin his chances.

In the conversation the names of other possible candidates were mentioned and their prospects were discussed. Mr. Tilden is reported to have said, regarding Senator Davis, that the Democrats can not afford to will not run a man next year who has not always been known as a consistent and thorough Democrat. The salvation of the Democratic party depends on that course, and no matter how obscure the candidate, his Democracy must be unquestioned. Pressed to name a candidate aside from himself who would answer all the requirements, Mr. Tilden is said to have remarked that Justice Field, of California, appeared to him to be the strongest and most available man; that Judge Field's relatives are very wealthy and would be willing to spend a million or two if he were nominated; that the Pacific States would undoubtedly be solid in his favor and that he would stand a better chance in New York and the other doubtful Northern States, than any of the other candidates whose merits have been discussed.

Mr. Tilden is reported also to have said, however, that he did not see how the Democrats could afford to nominate anyone except himself. He claimed that everybody knows that he is the one who was defrauded and abused, and the fraud issue would undoubtedly be the main issue in the next canvass.

How Zulu Boys and Girls Fight and Get Married.

Bishop Colenso has received from two Zulu warriors some facts about the fighting habits of their nation. Zulus, they say, learn to fight at home at their fathers' hut when they are very little; for when they are out herding cattle, two boys will have a quarrel and fight it out, or boys of one hut will divide into two parties and fight with their sticks, or those of one hut will fight with those of another, and so they learn. They have no idea of putting one foot forward altogether like the white soldiers; they just go.

The girls live at home and work for their fathers only. They may not marry until the king gives them leave. When he assents they may marry any man they like. But he does not assent until they have reached a certain age. They are all of them enrolled into regiments. So are the boys. Sometimes the king gives permission to a regiment of young men and to a regiment of girls at the same time to get married; but it does not follow that the young men all secure wives, as the girls may prefer men of other (previously permitted) regiments, or the young men may not possess any cattle, in which case, of course, no fathers will give them their girls.

"Now You Begin to Talk."

On a certain occasion the counsel took some exception to the ruling of the court on some point, and a dispute arose.

"If the court please," said the counsel, and at the same time picking up a volume.

"There is no referring to any book," exclaimed the court, angrily. "I have decided the point."

"But your honor"—persisted the attorney.

"Now, I don't want to hear anything on the subject," yelled the court. "I tell you again that I have decided the point."

"I know that," was the rejoinder.

"I am satisfied of that; but this is a volume of Blackstone. I am certain he differs with your honor, and I only want to show you what a fool Blackstone was."

"Ah, indeed," exclaimed to court, "now you begin to talk."

A MATTER OF MONEY.—A paragrapher asked a millionaire for the hand of his daughter, being too honorable to clope and be cut off without a shilling. "Ah, yes; romance is delicious; yes, sir, is delicious," returned the old man; "but how much can you command? Marriage is, after all, a matter of dollars and cents, if we will only come down to one fine point." After three-quarters of a second of calm reflection the paragrapher made answer, saying, whereas he had now learned that marriage was a matter of dollars and sense, and he lacked the dollars, he preferred not to let the sense slip also, and walked off.

Our Trip to Strawberry Plains.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

Thursday morning, the 18th of July, was the day set apart for the Doctor and I to start to Strawberry Plains on a trip of business and pleasure. The day came, and we started. At half past ten o'clock we reached our destination. On arriving, we met the pleasant and familiar face of our old and esteemed friend, James W. Douglass, Esq., who extended to us the right hand of fellowship, and requested us to alight. Of course we complied. He ordered Charlie put up and well cared for. Presently the hour for refreshments came, and he extended to us a cordial invitation to dine with him, which we unhesitatingly accepted. We soon arrived at his residence. Dinner came, and we were profusely helped to all the luxuries requisite to sustain life and happiness. After dinner Mr. Douglass and my companion left their cigars and threw themselves back in their familiar, easy and careless position, at the same time edifying their auditors by a continuous elucida of their pointed witticisms, accompanied by a few expressions of melodious laughter. After they had whiffed away some half hour we returned to Mr. Douglass's house of business. Mr. Douglass is one of Strawberry Plains best citizens and business operators. He is a man of whom any community should be proud.

After transacting our business we went round to the hotel, registered and ordered early supper, desiring to call on some young ladies several miles in the country that night. Our supper was plain, but substantial and well prepared. The moment I flashed my eye over the proprietor I recognized in him some peculiarities that I had once been familiar with. The proprietor, Doctor and myself found ourselves all to be old chums. We three had reclined many successive nights together while at the siege of Vicksburg.

After supper we ordered Charlie and the buggy, and the proprietor being a little inquisitive, he succeeded in obtaining our intentions. So he proposed to accompany us. (He is an unmarried man), and remarked that "he was very well acquainted there, that he had been a frequent and welcome visitor there for thirteen years." The proprietor piloted us through safely. He is one of nature's masterpieces, low and firmly set, with hazel eyes, a long and heavy moustache, and a rich manly voice. The warm healthy blood coursing through his body in rich fullness, and gave to his flesh that peculiar tint that denotes perfect health. Broad-chested, erect, strong-limbed, he walked the earth like a god. Of him any woman might feel proud.

At 8 o'clock P. M., we reached the place. We were warmly received by one of the young ladies, who led us in the parlor, which was brilliantly lighted; bouquets of flowers were placed about the room, and the whole interior wore a festive appearance. At one end of the room sat a sofa, on which was seated a young lady friend from Mossy Creek, whom we were delighted to meet—my companion especially. The young ladies wore the same expression of intelligence, love and composure that they wore when last we met them. They were handsomely and inexpressibly entertained by the intelligence, hospitality and music of the young ladies, together with a waiter of delicious watermelon. After alternating the three for about two hours, (the proprietor all the time seemingly enjoying himself fighting boys, bats, looking at pictures, etc.) we took our exit.

On entering the dark we found it almost impossible to see our way. So the proprietor pulled off his coat and walked before us a distance of three miles, in the meantime fording the river. He remarked that "when he started with a man he always saw him through." Before going to bed he gave us some onions and cold potatoes. His hotel is a three-story building. On the first floor he has a drug and dry-goods room. The second story consists of two rooms, each of which he has fitted up for guests; and the third story consists of one room, and a few loose plank thrown down for a floor. There is only one bed in the entire house, and it is only a half bed, and his three clerks sleep in it. The proprietor, Doctor and myself occupied the front room on the second floor. Our bed consisted of six wheat-sacks spread on the floor, each of us measuring two in length and one in breadth. He says: "Gentlemen, choose your own sides; I have no preference." So the Doctor laid before, (he being used to getting up in the night), me in the middle, and the proprietor behind. He stepped back in one corner where there was a large pile of rags, soaked, and says: "Gentlemen, what kind of a pillow will you have—cotton rags, or woolen?" We

selected our pillows, got down easy, for fear of breaking something, and the proprietor spread the mosquito bar over us and dozed off. The Doctor and I laid there, and turned over and over, over and over, for it undoubtedly seemed to me that he had turned the hard side of the bed up. Just before day I dozed off, and when I awoke the Doctor was lying about four feet from me, both hands hold of his breeches, and his head on them. I think he had fifteen cents in his pocket. I heard him (the proprietor) remark next morning to one of his clerks that he never liked to keep country fellows; they were too hard to please. He said: "Them fellows were restless all night, and have been complaining all morning of being sore."

On the day after our return to Mossy Creek, July 27th, the Doctor and I attended the dedication of a new and elegant Methodist Church, at Black Oak Grove. Services, dedicatory, all performed, and sermon by Rev. A. G. Watkins. A large congregation were present, including many of the fair sex, and all seemed elated in the outer and strengthened in the inner man, judging from the manifestation of religion, zeal and social cordiality pervading the crowd.

State Rights and State Debts.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—A movement is on foot among the holders of Louisiana bonds to test in the Courts the right of the late Convention in Louisiana to in any way interfere with the payment of the interest and principal of said bonds. These bonds, the holders claim, were made legal by a constitutional enactment which was submitted to the people of the State and approved by them at the polls. This, the holders of the bonds believe, is a contract between the holders of the bonds and the State, and which no subsequent act of one of the parties thereto can alter or change without the consent of the other. They are of the opinion that the Supreme Court of the United States will so decide, and that the Federal Government must compel the State to keep its contract.

The Republican campaign committee has taken hold of this Louisiana debt business, and are circulating documents among the people charging that Louisiana's repudiation is a measure that must be charged to the account of the Democratic party. It is a well known fact, however, that the ablest of the Democratic members of the late Louisiana Constitutional Convention were unflinching in their endeavors to maintain the good credit of the State by advocating the recognition of the debt, principal and interest, and making stringent laws for their payment.

Mr. Sprague, for many years consul at Gibraltar, communicates to the Department of State the particulars of the base attempt to extort money from him, recently reported by cable. On the 9th of July the consul received an anonymous letter, purporting to be from six men, demanding a loan of \$3,000. The letter goes into all the details of conveying the money to the conspirators, and threatens death to the consul and his family in case of failure to deposit the money in the designated place. The whole affair is arranged in the most circumstantial manner, and bears the marks of a practiced hand. The consul communicated the facts to the police and detectives were employed. On the 12th of July, the day for depositing the money having passed, another letter more threatening, but reducing the amount to \$600, was received. In this lighter the brigands showed that they were cognizant of all that had taken place since the receipt of the first letter, the movements of the consul and his family, and of the police. Mr. Sprague has laid the whole matter before our minister at Madrid, who will probably bring it to the attention of the Spanish government.

ONE DATE HE COULD REMEMBER.

A story comes to Causen of an incident in a school in Southampton, Eng., some years since. The boys were being examined in the history of England, and the answers were mainly dates of events more or less important in the history of the British Empire. Among the pupils was the son of an American sea captain, a bright specimen of young America. Being questioned concerning dates in English history, he manifested an ignorance bordering on stupidity. The teacher, whose patience was exhausted, exclaimed: "What! Don't you remember a single date that marks an important event in the history of England?" "Why, yes, sir," answered the boy, "I do know one." "Well, out with it," said the teacher. "The Fourth of July, 1776." There was a decided sensation.—Boston Transcript.

Wants a Divorce.

NEW YORK, August 5.—Among Brooklyn's latest divorce suits is that of Mrs. Catherine Griffing against her husband, Frederick. Both are about seventy years of age. Mrs. Griffing alleges her life is in danger, that her husband has threatened to burn down the house in which they live, and that since the divorce suit was begun he has indulged in so many threats to do her bodily harm, that she was forced to quit the house.

HAD NEVER HEARD THE NAME.

"Anent the wonderful likeness of Prince Jerome with Napoleon I., which is perhaps the best of his political capital, the following instance of the vanity of glory is related by the Prince personally. He was traveling in the mountains of Auvergne, and having left his carriage for the sake of walking a few miles, he had occasion to ask his way from a young peasant, and he rewarded him with a piece of silver. It happened to be one with the effigy of Napoleon I., and having noticed the fact, the Prince asked the young man whether he knew who he was. "No, sir